

SAMUEL A. ALLEY, Printer

[For the Philanthropist.]

**OUR CAUSE**

No. II.

It is said to be a poor rule that will not work both ways. I will briefly state one or two occurrences that have taken place during the past winter, in order to show the practical working of Ohio policy, in regard to this people. It is true that such outrages are not directly sanctioned by our laws, but by their proscribing nature, they foster and strengthen that evil prejudice, which promotes the unpunished whites, who are a real thorn in the community, to acts of outrage and violence.











POETRY.

THE MARCH OF THE FREE.

Mark! an Earthquake's deep, not of our country is  
Shaking.  
But no ruin behind it is seen:  
With joy each heart is quivering, each vision flaming,  
Earth trembles where'er it is seen.  
The West's gallant spirit thrilled to its pulsing,  
As e'er it sailed to the sea:  
Now the North, South and Centre the impulse are  
Feeling.  
—The Rising and March of the Free!

No passions prompt, and no true hearts deplore it:  
We fight for what we deem in the sky  
Mighty colors faint as alone appear before it,  
And as its light shines down,  
Corruption's work done to their corners are driven:  
As shall in the instant they rise!  
While full on the ear, the glad smile of Heaven,  
Breaks the clouds and the March of the Free!

No banners are hoisted, no trumpets are sounding,  
As the host of deep joy from each valley rebounding,  
Tells how freedom the victor's won:  
Accompany the earth to the mighty emotion,  
Men from growth each Patriot kneel:  
While People and States, from the Lakes to the Ocean,  
Proudly join in the March of the Free.

From the Weekly Messenger.  
THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL.  
Farewell my native valley,  
Far, far from you I roam,  
And though our tribe is distant,  
Till still the red man's home.

Farewell, ye swelling rivers  
That still roll bright and blue;  
No more you'll hear the rushing oars  
Of the Indian's bark canoe.

No more we'll tramp the heaver  
Amid the waste of snow;  
No more through foggy thickets,  
We'll hunt the buffalo.

No more with bow and arrow,  
We'll chase the bounding deer;  
No more, beneath the rocky cliff,  
We'll rove the grizzly bear.

No more with shouts and revelry,  
The forest trees will ring;  
No more upon our father's graves  
The death song shall we sing.

Farewell to lofty mountains,  
To plain and rocky dell;  
And you, ye humble wigwags,  
I bid ye all—farewell!

No more in youthful boyhood  
Will our children bend the bow;  
No more through your dark forests  
Shall the Indian fires glow.

No more we'll raise the tomahawk  
In our lov'd country's cause;  
We are driven from our cheerful homes  
By a stern white man's law.

We weep for our brave warriors,  
Their race is almost run;  
And to the west we're wandering  
Toward the setting sun.

Through forests wild, o'er prairie vast,  
To seek another home;  
Beyond your darksome mountains  
Our tribe is doomed to roam.

Far from the scenes of childhood  
We wander a stranger land;  
Where the great spirit will guard  
His much lov'd Indian band.

THE SLAVE'S RESIGNATION.  
When will Jehovah hear our cries!  
When will the sun of freedom rise!  
When will a Moses for us stand,  
And free us all from Pharaoh's hand!

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magnificent tree. But if we behold him one moment, to use his own quotation from Scripture, "pouring contempt upon princes," and highly raging against the highest upon earth, we see him next in his familiar correspondence, a poor, humble, afflicted man, not puffed up with pride at the great things he had accomplished, but rather struck down by a sense of his own unworthiness. As to his violence, it was part of his mission to be violent, and those who lay it to his charge to be blame-worthy, seem to us not to accuse him, but to accuse Providence. Not to have been violent, would to him have been not to have been in earnest. And here it must be observed, that his violence was only verbal; it was merely the rousing voice to awaken Europe from the lethargy of ages.

But let us follow him into private life. Here it is that we shall best learn to appreciate him. We will not dwell upon his constant contentment in poverty, and his contempt for riches, because this is the characteristic of almost all great men, who are really more than gold can procure them; but his long unbroken friendship with Melancthon—a character so opposite to his own, and in some respects so superior, as he was the first to acknowledge himself, has always struck us as a proof that he possessed much sweetness and gentleness of disposition. Envy or jealousy never interrupted for a moment the fraternal affection that subsisted between these great men. Of those passions, indeed, Luther seems not to have been susceptible. Neither did personal ambition come near him. Though he had so many titles to it, he never claimed the supremacy over his contemporaries. Notwithstanding the great things he had performed, he gave himself no air of grandeur or importance. He seemed to consider himself as a common man among common men. There was a simplicity and commonness in his habits and conversation, which contrasted wonderfully with the mighty revolution he brought about. This simplicity, we were going to say, shows his native greatness; but we correct ourselves and add, that it exhibits that apostolic frame of mind, which all the messengers of God, from Moses downwards, have displayed. Such men are moulded at once by the Hand that sends them. The accidents of this world have no power (as they have upon others) to change or modify their moral conformation. There is an oneness, a wholeness, an uncomprehendedness of character in these elect instruments; on their moral frame is chiselled by the Divine finger one idea, and one only—and that external to their earthly condition. Hence was begotten the simplicity and homeliness of Luther's walk in life. Had he acted the great man, he would have proved that he was not the apostle. The frank, popular, coarse, and somewhat pleasant bearing which marked him, has made him the hero of the populace to this day in Germany. What is also remarkable in a man of his indubitable and profound piety, is that he had no austerity.

The Star in the East.  
In one of those quiet, secluded valleys of the Alps, near the lake's wild margin, embosomed by snow-crowned mountains, lay the little village of Geneva. In its midst stood the moss-covered cottage of Bolien. The departing radiance of a summer's sun played among the leaves of the flowers, and the mountains and tall trees were inverted in the pure waters, now settled beneath the deep blue sky of heaven. The windows of Bolien's cottage were thrown open, the curtains drawn aside, and there watched the wife of the faithful pastor over her dying child. Now she parted the damp curls from his brow, and then pressed her lips on his little cold fingers, which she held in her hand. Fervently the silent prayer ascended, that the night of sorrow might pass, and the storm of agony be stilled in her bosom; then, as the babe turned restlessly in her lap, in a low tone she sung,

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Once more upon my breast,  
Thine aching hand shall rest,  
In quiet sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Sweetly thine eye is closing,  
Calmly thou'rt now reposing,  
In slumber deep.

Sleep, angel baby, sleep,  
Not in thy cradle bed,  
Shall rest thy little head,  
But with the quiet dead,

As the mother looked on her boy, she saw that his little limbs were stiff with the icy chill of death. A smile was on his cherub face, and the long lashes were closed over the blue eyes. Sweet babel no wonder that thy mother's heart is broken when she looks on her only child—dead! The kind hearted villagers made a little grave among the trees, and on the third day, when the morning sun shone upon the Alpine mountains, they took from the mother's bosom her little one, and laid it in the ground; and then they looked along the narrow and the wild defile of the mountain for their pastor, who had been some days absent.

At evening the wife of Bolien sat alone in her cottage. She looked upon the lake. A beautiful light was on its waters. She raised her head. It was the star in the east; and it came and stood over the place where the young child was. Upon her darkened soul it rose as the star of hope—the dawning of that light, which had been for a while withdrawn. "I shall rejoice in him who was born King of the Jews,—for he hath gathered the sheep in his arms, and he carries the lambs in his bosom," she exclaimed; and her feelings were calmed,—her broken spirit found repose.

That night the villagers welcomed their beloved pastor. No one dared tell him his only son rested beneath the sods of the valley. As he passed from among them, into his own cottage, where the little light was faintly gleaming, they uttered the heartfelt benediction, "Peace be within this dwelling." The embrace of the pastor and his wife was close and affectionate, and then the eye of the father glanced on the cradle which stood in its accustomed place. "The baby sleeps," he said. "Blessed be God who has preserved you both!" The mother turned to wipe the tears from her eyes, as she replied, "Yes, the baby sleeps, and you cannot wake him." The fearful truth did not enter the mind of Bolien, and he ceased himself to partake of some simple refreshments which were set before him. "Your countenance is sad," he exclaimed, as he looked upon the face of his wife. "Methinks your heart should be full of joy. What shall we render to the Lord for all his goodness!" The struggle in the countenance of the afflicted mother was not unknown to her husband, the notice of Bolien, and, as he took her hand in his, he exclaimed, "Tell me, I beseech you, what has happened." "Christianity! I know it not, because, even among the Alpine valleys, it may be, that we are yet to cross the mountains of ice and snow to seek shelter from those who persecute us for righteousness sake. Tell me, what has befallen you, that you weep thus?" The eye of the heart-broken mother glanced towards the cradle of her babe, and there needed no comment. The pastor told on his knees and uttered, "Our child is dead!" He then buried his face in his hands and wept aloud.

An hour passed,—and the pastor and his wife mingled their tears at the grave of their child. Suddenly did the star in the east shine on that little mound.—As Bolien uncovered his head and gazed upward, he fervently exclaimed, "The Star of Bethlehem shall be our guide to that land which needeth no star to shine upon it, for the glory of God shall lighten it: and the Lamb is the light thereof!"—Sabbath School Visitor.

Interesting Incident in Kentucky History.  
At the first meeting of the Kentucky Historical Society, the following anecdote of Indian generosity and magnanimity was related by a gentleman distinguished in the annals of Kentucky, with whose permission we give it to the public through our paper.

About the year 1793 or 1795, Mr. Andrew Rowan\* embarked in a barge at the falls of the Ohio, (where Louisville now stands), with a party to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indian side, some distance below Mr. Rowan, borrowing a ride of one of the company, stepped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game; for, from having always been of a feeble constitution and averse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and besides had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended; and returning to the spot where he landed, saw nothing of the boat nor the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicions of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off, and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore.

Mr. Rowan found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, and himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was Vincennes, (now in Indiana), distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to traveling in the forest, he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether towards Vincennes or from it, he knew not,—exhausted, famished and despairing. Several times had he laid down, as he thought, to die. Roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betokening, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he proceeded, resolved as a last hope of life, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel. Advancing a short distance, he saw an Indian approaching, who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm with both the whites and Indians on the frontiers, in the time of hostilities—drew up his rifle on his shoulder, in readiness to fire. Mr. Rowan turned the butt of his, and the Indian, with French politeness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian, seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam, a few miles distant, where he cooked for him for several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then learning from him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distance from his cabin of about eighty miles.

Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. Rowan made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. Rowan, through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that; and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, "when I wrap myself in it I will think of you."

Where was there ever a white man, that even in a time of peace, would have so befriended an Indian? L. B.

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\*Uncle of the present Hon. John Rowan, of Louisville.

Instinct of Animals.  
The following is from a new work on Natural History, published in England:—

TRAVELLING CATS.—A lady residing in Glasgow had a handsome cat sent her from Edinburgh; it was conveyed to her in a close basket, and in a carriage. She was carefully watched for two months, but having produced a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left at her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady at Glasgow wrote to her friend at Edinburgh, deploring her loss, and the cat was supposed to have formed some new attachment, with as little reflection as men and women sometimes do. About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance at Glasgow, her well known mew was heard at the street door of her mistress; and there she was, with both her kittens; they in the best state, but she very thin. It is clear that she could only carry one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh is forty miles; so that if she brought one kitten part of the way, and then went back for the other, and then conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. Her prudence must likewise have suggested the necessity of journeying in the night, with many other precautions for the safety of her young.

BIRDS.—Speaking of the instinct of birds, he observes—"That it would appear from the following instance, that birds have an extraordinary faculty in avoiding danger, although it be not apparent at the time. Some years ago, a large and beautiful ash tree was blown down in the vicinage of Glasgow, near the town of Tyne. About 140 distant rings marked the growth of this tree, and those circles which remained became too minute to be counted; the tree was thus of great age, but was found decayed near the root. A colony of rooks had been accustomed to build their annual nests upon this tree; but, on a sudden, and before the tempest which had blown it down, they deserted it, and for no apparent reason, and took up their abode in another ash-tree growing near, the situation of which was between the chimney of the adjoining houses."

Does a gentleman, now residing in London, whilst travelling outside of one of the north mires, was witness of the fact I am about to relate. It was a dark night, and as the mail was traveling at the usual rate, a dog barked incessantly before the leaders, and continued to do so for some time, jumping up to the heads of the horses. The coachman, fearful of some accident, pulled up, and the guard got down to drive the animal away. The dog ran before the guard and then returned to him, making use of such peculiar gestures, that he was induced to take out one of the lamps to follow the dog. After doing so for one hundred yards, he found a farmer lying drunk across the road, and his horse grazing by the side of it. But for this extraordinary sagacity and affection of the dog for his master, the coach would most probably have been driven over the body of the sleeping man.

MIGRATORY INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.—A British officer on board a ship, which touched at the Island of Ascension, in her way to England, informed us that they took in several large turtles, and amongst others, one which, from some accident, had only three fins. The sailors on board called it "Lord Nelson," and it was marked in the naval way by having certain initials and numbers marked upon its under shell with a hot iron, which marks are never to be obliterated. Owing to various causes, the ship was delayed on her voyage; many of the turtles died, and others became sickly. This was the case of the "Lord Nelson," and it was so nearly dead when the ship arrived in the channel, that the sailors, with whom it was a favorite, threw it overboard, in order, as they said, to give it a chance. Its native element, however, appears to have revived it; for two years afterwards the very same turtle was again found at its old haunts in the Island of Ascension. The proofs brought forward of the accuracy of the statement, place the fact beyond doubt, and afford a wonderful instance of the instinct of this fish. When we consider the vast tracts of waters which this turtle had to pass, and that the Island of Ascension is only a little speck in the mighty ocean, it is impossible not to reflect on that unexplained instinct with wonder, which enabled so unwieldy, and apparently so stupid an animal, to find its way back to a rock in the desert of waters.

TUCK IN YOUR RUFFLE.—We have a few nails to make," said a blacksmith to his son as he came from school at 12 o'clock. "Thomas tucked in his ruffle and took off his coat, and was a blacksmith until he earned his dinner, and then ate it with a good relish." "Put on your ruffle, Thomas, it is school time now," said the father. Thomas expected it, and felt as happy with his ruffle tucked in, as his playmates at their play.

It would be no bad notion, "in these hard times," for many a young man to tuck in his ruffles, and swing an axe, or hold a plough, or make a nail—for many a young man, whose expectation of riches from the gains of trade are sadly disappointed, to earn a living in some calling which the world honors less but pays better—some humble occupation which, while it holds out not delusive hope of immense wealth by a single speculation assures him of food and raiment.

We would here recommend agriculture, in a special manner. Not such farming as consists in first running in debt for lands and mortgaging them back for payment; then borrowing money to put up fine buildings, and then hiring men to put on the farm. No! this is not the way. But lay your own shoulder to the wheel—tuck in your ruffle and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. It will be the sweetest you ever ate.

EX-PRESIDENT ADAMS.—Few men in this, or any other country, possess the same noble traits of character which distinguish this extraordinary man.—Bless with sound health, a sound constitution, a vigorous, capacious, and highly cultivated mind, stored with an immense amount of knowledge, which has been acquired by experience, and unexampled industry, during nearly three-fourths of a century—still he makes no display in equipage, or attire, but moves from place to place, with as much simplicity and unostentation as the plainest cultivator of the soil. From youth to the present period, his whole life has been devoted to the service of his country. Although elevated to the highest post of honor known to the Constitution, with his great intellect, and vast acquirements, yet this man readily attends to the smallest matters, with the utmost precision, regardless of his own comfort or convenience.

A few days ago, a gentleman from the South, travelling to the Eastward, on entering the depot at the lower end in Baltimore, missed his pocket-book containing money and valuable papers. Subsequently the pocket-book was found—the facts were stated to President Adams, who happened to be in the following train of cars, (which left three hours later), who kindly offered to take possession of the package, and endeavor to find the owner. Punctually to his engagement, on his arrival in Philadelphia, without a moment's loss of time, he left the cars, and under the rays of a burning and withering sun, with the thermometer at 95, he sought and found the owner, and delivered the package, before seeking lodgings for himself. Such acts of pure benevolence and kindness, are rare indeed, but they are characteristic of one of the greatest among living men.—Balt. Pat.

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TWO ACRES OF LAND situated 2 miles from town, upon a good road, having 8 rooms, a cellar, and a portion on three sides; likewise a barn and other outbuildings; also, a garden with many cædars and other evergreens; and 15 acres of land.

SIXTY-FIVE ACRES OF LAND upon the Lebanon turnpike, 3 miles from town, with 30 acres in cultivation, an orchard of 70 to 80 trees, and several springs. The land is rich and rolling. It has several eligible building spots. A desirable FARM of 230 acres situated 5 miles from town, upon a good road, having 180 acres in cultivation, an orchard of choice grafted fruit trees, apple, peach, pear, and plum; a garden well enclosed, having strawberry and raspberry beds; likewise a frame house, with 3 rooms, also a milk house with two bed rooms, a commodious frame barn, a brick smoke house and frame stables and cow houses. The land is rich and fertile, and well watered, and the bottom and upland. It is a very fine farm, and well calculated for a country seat, or dairy, nursery and market garden purposes.

TWO ACRES OF LAND one mile, and 4 acres 2 miles from town.

Very many other FARMS and COUNTRY SEATS for sale. Also, several small tracts without buildings, a few miles from town.

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English and Eastern Bills of Exchange, Gold, and Bank of England notes bought and sold.

Farmers and Citizens wishing to dispose of their estates in Adams, Wilcox, Greenfield, Highland, &c. The views of poor Emigrants promoted without cost.

Apply to THOMAS EMERY, Estate and Money Agent, Fourth St. East of Main.

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Dr. W. W. Bancroft, Grassie.  
N. Hays, Bainbridge, Ross co.  
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